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MILTONIS POEMA,

641. L. 21  
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LYCIDAS,

GRÆCE REDDITUM.

[by J. Plumptre]

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VE NEUNT APUD BIBLIOPOLAS CANTABRIGIÆ, OXONIÆ, ETONÆ;  
R. FAULDER, F. ET C. RIVINGTON, LONDINI.  
MDCCXCVII.



M. J. O'NEILL

HONORABLE

FREDERICK MONTAGU

RECTOR MAJESTATIS A SECRETORIS CONSILII

IN RE

HOC QUODCUMQUE NUNC SIT

GRATA BENIGNITAS REGIA MEMORIA

L. D. R.

VERBUM ADIUTUM

IN RE



HONORATISSIMO VIRO

FREDERICO MONTAGU,

REGIÆ MAJESTATI A SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS,

&c. &c.

HOC, QUODCUNQUE MUNUS SIT,

GRATA BENIGNITATIS ERGA SE MEMORIA

D. D. D.

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EXTREMUM HOC, ARETHUSA, MIHI CONCEDE——

## LECTORI S.

**D**EFENSIONEM Miltonis “*Lycidæ*” fuscipere, plenam, et elaboratam, neque temporis, neque loci hujus est. Nam licet unius, fastidiosi nimis, Critici, sententia ab eo aliquantulum detraxerit, perpauca tamen credibile est rem ita in animum induxisse, ut suavissimi hujus poematis delicias non abundè senserint,—imò in medullas hauserint.—Veris itaque poëseos fautoribus haud injucundam fortasse aliquis operam navaturus sit, qui tam pretiosam materiem, linguarum omnium, quotquot fuerint, ornatu dignam, idiomate deductam novo in lucem proferat.

Cùm igitur poema ipsum Græcè permultum sciret, et poetarum antiquorum indolem feliciter præ se ferret, literarum Græcarum studiosis non ingratum fore Musæ hoc ludentis opusculum sperare ausus sum.

Si eâ Te delectatione res commoveat, ut quod suo perfectissimum sermone maximè admireris, alieno adumbratum non recuses, hoc saltè mihi concedas, oro, ut quod longa defuetudo periculosius mihi fecerit in scribendo, benevolentia aliquatenus in perlegendo tuâ non destituatur.—Vale.



## LYCIDAS.

---

**Y**ET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,  
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fere,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
And with forc'd fingers rude  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
Compels me to disturb your season due :  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :



## Λ Υ Κ Ι Δ Α Σ.

ΛΥΓΡΑΙ ἄπαξ ἔτι Δάφναι, ἄπαξ ἔτι χισσῶ ἐθέραις  
 Μύρτοι αἰζώοιο πείλοκοι ἀμφιμελαίνας,  
 Χερσὶν ἀπανθρώποις, ἀτεράμνως ὧδε κορύμβως  
 Τραχὺς ἔων ἥκω δρεψεύρδμος, αἶβρὰ βιαίως  
 Δρύψας φύλλ', ἀέκων δὲ, πρὶν ἀκμαῖον θέρους ἔλθειν.  
 Πικρὰ ἀναγκαία, λυπερὸν χερῆμι, ἀλλὰ ποθαινόν,  
 Καιρὸν ἐμ' ὀτρύνει πῶδακαίριον ὕμμι παράξαι·  
 ὦλετο γὰρ Λυκίδας· Λυκίδας φίλος ὦλετ', ἐφαδῶν  
 Ἄρτι, νέος Λυκίδας· αὐτῷ δ' ἴσον οὐκ ἔλιπ' ἄλλον.



Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
 He must not flote upon his wat'ry bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,  
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,  
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;  
 So may some gentle Muse  
 With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,  
 And as he passes turn,  
 And bid fair peace be to my fable shroud.  
 For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,  
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.  
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd



Τῷ Λυκίδᾳ τίς ἂν ὄκ' ἀχοῖ μέλος; οἶδε καὶ αὐτὸς

Συρίσδεν, γλυκερᾶν θ' ὕψος πυργώσαι αἰοιδᾶν.

Οὐ δὴ μιν πλώσαδ' ἐασόμεθ', ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,

Ἵγρῳ ὑπὲρ φερέτω, γερῆς πινος ἄμμορον ὠδαῖς,

ΠΑΪΓΝΙΟΝ ΑΥΑΛΕΟΙΣ ΑΝΕΜΟΙΣ, ΝΕΚΥ, ὕβριν ἀέλλων.

Ἄρξαδ' ὦν, τᾷ Ζανὸς ὑπ' ἐκ θρόνῳ ὕδατ' αἴσσει,

Πίδακος ὦ ἱερῆς φύλακες, κόρα, ἠδὲ λιγείαις

Εὐκέλαδοι, πῶδά τ' εἰωθὸς, κηλαρίσδετε χορδαῖς.

Δύσπειτος δ' αἰ φρήν, ἀπαράττητόν τε νόημα,

Νόσφι γήρῳιθ' ὥς τις τάχ' ἂν εὐνοος ὕστερον εἴη,

Ἄ μῶσ' εὐφάμοισιν ἐμεῦ ποκα χῶμα θανόντος

Κοσμήσαι ἐπέεσσι, μελαμπέπλω δ' ἐπὶ πῆξας

Ὀμματ' ἐμοίγ', ἀχέων ἄμπαυμ' εὐχεται ὀδίτας.

Ξυλὸν γὰρ προσφὸς ἦν ἀμῖν ὄρος· αὐτὰ παρ' αὐτὰν

Πίδακά τ' ἐτρέφομην, ξυγαῖς ἐνὶ ποίμνιά θ' ὕλας.

Πεῖν καὶ ἐγειρομένας βλεφάρων ὑπὸ πορφύρε' αἶς



Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
 He must not flote upon his wat'ry bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,  
 That from beneath the feat of Jove doth spring,  
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;  
 So may some gentle Muse  
 With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,  
 And as he passes turn,  
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.  
 For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,  
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.  
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd



Τῷ Λυκίδα τίς ἂν ὄκ' ἀχοῖ μέλος; οἶδε καὶ αὐτὸς  
 Συείσδεν, γλυκερᾶν θ' ὕψος πυργώσαι ἀοιδᾶν.

Οὐ δὴ μιν πλώσαδ' ἐσπόμεθ', ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,

Ἵγρῳ ὑπὲρ φερέτω, γοεῶς πινος ἄμμορον ὠδᾶς,

ΠΑίγνιον αὐαλέοις ἀνέμοις, νέκυν, ὕδεν ἀέλλων.

Ἄρξαδ' ὦν, τᾶ Ζανὸς ὑπ' ἐκ θρόνῳ ὕδατ' αἰΐσει,

Πίδακος ὦ ἱερῶς φύλακες, κόρα, ἠδὲ λιγείαις

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Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
 We drove afield ; and both together heard  
 What time the gray-fly winds her fultry horn ;  
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night  
 Oft, till the Star that rose, at ev'ning, bright,  
 Tow'rd heav'n's descent had slop'd his west'ring wheel,  
 Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,  
 Temper'd to th' oaten flute ;  
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fawns with cloven-heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long ;  
 And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !  
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes mourn.



Ὠρεα λαμπετόωντ', ἀγρόνδε καταγόμεθ' ἄμφω  
 Αἰὲν ἄμ' ἐσπομένω, κέερα εὔτε μεσαμβρίῳ ἄχει  
 Βομβεῦσ' αἰ κυνόμυια, καθ' ὑγρὰν ποίμνια δείλαν  
 Μίμνομι δ' ἀγλαΐσαντε νέα δρόσω, ὅφρ' ὁ φαινὸν  
 Νυκτὸς ὑπὸ πρῶτας ἀστὴρ ἀνέφαινε πρῶτον,  
 Οὐρανὸς ἐσπερινὸς δρόμον ἐτρέπετ' εἰς ἀλὰ διαν.  
 Οὐδ' ἔχε βωκολικῶν ὕμνων τὰ μελύδρια σιγᾶ,  
 Δῶνακι χαρφίτα μεμερισμένα· τραχέες αὐτῶς  
 Ὠρχεῦνθ' οἱ Σάτυροι θρασυκάρδιον ἔθ' ἄρα Πανῶν  
 Ἔθνος δὴν ἀπέλω, μολπᾶς ὅτ' ἄκρε, διχήλων  
 Δαμαίτας δ' αἰὼν ἀγαπᾷθ' ὁ γεραιὸς ἀοιδᾶς.  
 Νῦν δ' ὦ τᾶς χαλεπᾶς, ὅτ' ἀποίχεαι, ὦ μοι ἀμοιβᾶς  
 Ἄ, δ' ὁδῷ ἔτις νόστος ἀποίχεαι· ἀλλὰ σε, ποιμᾶν,  
 Αἶθ' ὕλαι, τὰ τ' ἔρημ' ὀρέων, πρὶν τ' ἀμφί τε, κοίλων  
 Ἄντρα, θύμῳ κατὰ πυκνα, καὶ ἀμπελίνους ἐλίκεσσι,  
 Πάντα γὰρ, καὶ ὁδύρετ' ἐν ὥρεσιν αἶλινον ἀχώ.



The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
 Shall now no more be seen,  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
 As killing as the canker to the rose,  
 Or taintworm to the weanling herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
 When first the white-thorn blows ;  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas ?  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
 Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wifard stream :  
 Ay me, I fondly dream !—  
 Had ye been there—for what could that have done ?



Οὐκέτ' ἱανομένως ἐσθ' ἂν ποθ' ὀρεόποδιν οἴσως  
 Εἵνεκα σῶν μελέων, ἐσθ' ἂν Πηλέας γλυκυθύμως  
 Σεισαμένας πόκα φύλλα τεαῖς ἄδιστα πρὸς ὠδαίς.  
 Ὡς κακὸν αἰ κάμπα γῆρ' ῥόδῳ, ὥς τ' αἰγέλαισι  
 Βοσκορμήαις σκώλαξ, ὥς καὶ πῆμ' ἀνθεσι πάχνα  
 Ἐνδυμ' ἐσταρμόισι πανέξοχον, ἀνικ' ἀκάνθαι  
 Ἄρτι νέω λουκοῖς ἔαρος κοσμεῦνται αἰώτοις,  
 Ὡς πὸς ἀγροιάταν, Λυκίδα, πόδος ἔασιν ἄλγος.

Νύμφαι, πᾶ πόκ' ἄρ' ἦσθ', ὅκ' ἀνηλεές οἶδμα ῥοάων  
 Κρατὸς ὑπὲρ Λυκίδεω πεφιλαμένω αἶγε θάλασσα;  
 Οὐδὲ γ' εἰναλίοις κραμνῶν τόκ' ἐπαίσδετ' ἐν ἄκροις,  
 Οἱ Δρυΐδαι τόθι κένταυ, ἐπήρατοι ὕμνιν αἰοιδῶ,  
 Οὐδὲ κατ' ἡλιβάτω σκόπελον λασιαύχενα Μῶνας,  
 Οὐδ' ἄρ' ὅπα μαγικὸν Δήβας καταλείβεται ὕδωρ.  
 ὦ μοι ἐγὼ ἦ δῆτ' ἐμ' ἐφίμερον ἄρπασ' ὄνειρον  
 Ὑμεῖς καὶ παρ' ἂν ἦτε, τί τὸ πλεόν; ἄρ' ἐδυναθῇ



What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
 The Muse herself for her enchanting son,  
 Whom universal nature did lament,  
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,  
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?  
 Were it not better done, as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?  
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)  
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,



Ὀρφῇ, αἱ μάτῃς ἐλοχέυσατο φίλτατον υἱόν,  
 Ἄ Μῶσ' αὐτὰ ἐοῖσ' ἐπαμυνέμεν; ὃν γράεσκε  
 Πᾶσα φύσις, μανίαις ὅκα δὴ πληχθεῖσα γυναικῶν  
 Αἰνοπάτα ἔν' ἰαχᾷ, ὀλοῶν, βροτόεσσαν ὀμίχλα  
 Αἰὼν' ἐς Λέσβω κεφαλὰν ταχυὴν ἤκεν αἶν' Ἐβρον.

Αἰ, αἰ, τῶνδε τί νιν κέρδος γίγνεται, ἢ δὲ ὄφελός τι,  
 Δυσδίότῳ ἀκλεᾷ σ' ἐφέπειν τά τε ποιμνίος ἔρῃα,  
 Μοῖσάν τ' ἐκμίσθως χαλεπαῖς μελετήσαι ἀνίαις;  
 Ἥ εἰ πολὺ κέρδιον ἴδῃ, ἅτ' ἐώθασ' ἄλλοι, ἐπ' ὄρεσσι  
 Συμπαῖσδεν μαλακῶς Ἀμαρύλλιδι, τᾶς τε Νεαῖρας  
 Τέρπεσθαι πλοκάμοισιν; — Ἀποπύσαι νοσοθύμους  
 Ἀβροσυῖας, νυκτᾶς τε καὶ ἁμέρας μακροὶ πονεῦσιν,  
 Ἄ δόξα, πάθος ὑδάτιον μεγαλόφρονος ὀργᾶς,  
 Κέντροις πῶ χαθαρὴν φρέν' ἐποτρυνῶ καὶ ἐπέγχε  
 Μισθῷ δὲ ὅκα χαλῶ ἀμέας ποτ' αἶν' ἐλπίς ἔχεται  
 Περσέλασαι, λαμπρὸν ποτὶ καὶ σέλας αὐτίχ' ὀρέσαι.



Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,  
 And flits the thin-spun life.—But not the praise,  
 Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;  
 Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glist'ring foil  
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,  
 But lives, and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds!  
 That strain I heard, was of a higher mood:  
 But now my oat proceeds,  
 And listens to the herald of the sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea;



Τυφλὰ ἐπαρότῳ πῖς ἐπέεχε) ἐν ξυρῷ Ἄτα,  
 Λεπὶον κ' βιότῳ λίνον ἑκταμύρ.—“ Οὐ τὸν ἔπαινον”  
 Φοῖβος ἔειπ', ὥτ' αὖ καὶ ἐφήπτετό μεν τρομεόντων·  
 “ Οὐ πινος αἰ Δόξα θνατῆς φυτὸν ἑκγονον αἰῶς,  
 “ Οὐδ' ἐνὶ κισσόλοις ἀρετῶν ζαλώμασι κείται,  
 “ Ἄντινα τῶν πολλῶν θαμβεῖ κ' ἀγάσσεται ὄχλος,  
 “ Φάμαις εὐρυπόροισι τεθραμμένα, ἀλλὰ δικαστῶ  
 “ Ζῶνι παρεσδομμένα, τελέω ἐπὶ μάστιγι, γάλλει,  
 “ Καὶ μόνον ἐν χαλαργίᾳ Θεῶ ὄμμασιν αἰωρεῖται  
 “ Ἐγὼ δ' ἤτ' ἐφ' ἅπαντι χαθῶς ὅγε τὸ σῶμα λύσῃ  
 “ Ὑστατον, ὥς δόξας τοι ἀπ' ἐράνω ἔσαι ἀμοιβά.”  
 ὦ κρένα Ἀρέθουσα, πολύμητόν τε ῥέεθρον,  
 Μίγκι, εὐρρέϊτα, χαλαμοσεφές, ἄρπ πω αὐδαῖς  
 Μείζονος ἐξάκρον.—ἐμεῦ νῦν κλέφτος ὁπαδεῖ  
 Τῷ πόντῳ χάρις Ποσειδῶνος γὰρ ἀμυντήρ  
 Τάν θ' ἄλλα, τῶς τ' ἀνέμῳ, ἔνθ' αὖ, ἐρέεπε κακώεργος,



He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the fellon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle fwain ?  
 And question'd ev'ry gust of rugged wings  
 That blows from off each beaked promontory ;  
 They knew not of his story,  
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd ;  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope, with all her sisters play'd.  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend fire, went footing flow,  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge  
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
 Like to that sanguin flow'r inscrib'd with woe.

Ah ! Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge ?



Πᾶν καὶ ἄημι, ὁ ῥωγαλέαις πτερύγεσσι ἐκάστω  
 Ἐκ πρῶνος φέρεται, τίς ἀπ' ἧθεον ἄρπασε μοῖρα;  
 Εἶχε τάδ' ἀγνοία· κ' εἰπω ποτ' ἐς ἑαδ' ἵκανε  
 Πράγμα τὸ λυπηρὸν· σόφος Ἰπποτάδης ὑπὲρ ἀλλῶν  
 Εἶπεν ἀμεψάμενθ', μηδ' ἐν φύσημα παρ' ἔρκος  
 Ἦς ἔκταν φυλάκης· πόντῳ δ' ἐφ' ἅπαντι γαλάναν  
 Ἦδαμ, ἕως Πανόπα λιπαραῖς ἅμ' ἐπαισδεν ἀδελφαῖς  
 Τὸ σκάφος ἡῶι τοι τιῶ' ὅλοον, δολερὸν τε, κατ' αἰνᾶν  
 Ἀλίῳ ἔκλεψιν κλισίῳ, κ' ὠπλισμένον ἀραῖς,  
 Ὅττι τὸ σὸν θανάτῳ ἱερῶν περπέλασσε χάρακον.  
 Ἐνθα πατὴρ Κάμος βραδύπως πόδα, σεμνοπρόσωπος,  
 Εὐτρεῖχον ἦνθε φέρων χλαῖναν \* πέτασον δ' ἔχ', ἀμαυροῖς  
 Σήμασ' ἔσω χοῖνον πεποναιμένον, ἔχαθ' ὅμοιον  
 Ἀνθεῖ τῷ βροτόενθ', ὅθι λύπας γράμμα τέτυκται  
 " Τίς δ' ἐμ, ἔφα, μευ ἄρειον ἐνέγχυρον ὠρφάνισ' ἄτα;"

\* Chlamydem, scilicet, è *conservâ rivulari* confectam, quæ copiosè Camo innatat;—  
 petasum verò ex *ulvâ*, notis quodammodò per folia incertis, intùs, signatâ, et ad marginem  
 foliorum ferratâ, more hyacinthini ΑΙΑΙ.—Quod primus rectè, ni fallor, ingeniosus Vir,  
 amicus quidam, mihi observavit.



Laft came, and laft did go,  
 The pilot of the Galilean lake ;  
 Two mafly keys he bore of metals twain,  
 (The golden opes, the iron fhuts amain)  
 He fhook his miter'd locks, and ftern befpoke :  
 How well could I have fpar'd for thee, young fwain,  
 Enow of fuch as for their bellies fake  
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold ?  
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,  
 Than how to scramble at the fhearer's feaft,  
 And fhove away the worthy bidden gueft ;  
 Blind mouths ! that fcarce themfelves know how to hold  
 A fheep-hook, or have learn'd aught elfe the leaft  
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !  
 What reck's it them ? What need they ? They are fped ;  
 And when they lift, their lean and flashy fongs  
 Grate on their fcannel pipes of wretched ftraw.



Ὑστατος ἦνθ', ἡδ' ὕστατ' ἀπώχετο, τᾶς Γαλιλαίας  
 Κῆνος ὁ ναύκληρος λίμνας· δύο χερσὶ μέταλλοι  
 Ἐκ δισσοῖν κληίδας ἔχε· χρυσέα μὲν ἀνοίγει,  
 Τᾷ δ' σιδαρεία θυρέων ἐπιδάλλει ὀχῆας·  
 Σείσε δ' μιτροφόρος πλοκάμῳ, χ' ὡς σερρὸς ἔειπε·  
 “ Πολλῶν, ὦ φίλε κῶρέ, σε νῦν ζώντα πειρίμην  
 “ Τῶν ἀλλῶν ψυχᾶν, ἀμέων οἱ, γαστρός ἕκατι,  
 “ Ἡ βία, ἢ δόλοισι, παρέρπυσ' ἐς τὸν ἑπαυλον·  
 “ Τοῖσδ' οὐκ ἀλλαχόθεν κῆδος φρεσὶν ὀρνυται ἐδὲν,  
 “ Ἡ ἵνα τῷ πεκλήρος ἐς ὥραν ὀπλίζωνται,  
 “ Τὸν χρηστὸν, κλητὸν τ', ἀγέως ὠθεῦντες ἐταῖρον·  
 “ Τυφλοὶ, κᾶπλητοι σωματῶν, οἱ μὴ δεδάασι  
 “ Τὰν κορύναν φορέειν, μηδ' ἐν πόλει χρῆμ' ἐλάχισον  
 “ Ἐξέμαθον, πιστοῖς ἄτε ποιμέσιν ἔργα μέμηλεν.  
 “ Ἀλλὰ τί τοῖσδ' ὄφελος τειτῶν, οἷς πάντα πάρεστιν,  
 “ Ὡν δέον; οἱ καλαμαῖς, εὖτ' ἂν γ' ἐθέλωντι, πονηραῖς,  
 “ Κῆφα μέλη τείσδοντες, ἄσαρκ', ἀτόμιστα κρέκοντι.



The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mift they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing fed :  
 But that two-handed engine at the door  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
 That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,  
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
 Their bells, and flourets of a thousand hues.  
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,



“Τὰ δὲ οἷές πω αἰσῖται ἀνω μὰψ ὀμματ’ ἔχου,

“Πλησθεῖται δὲ ἀνέμοιο, νοσώδει κἀνδοθεν αὔρας

“Ἀτμίδι τειρόμεναι, πολλοῖς ἐπὶ πῆμα φέροντι·

“Πρὸς δὲ, αἶμας καὶ ἐπ’ αἶμας, ὅπως οὔνεσσι λήσασῃ,

“Λάθρ’ ἐπίων, ὁ λύκος, σιγῶν θ’ ὁ μῦς· ἔστι δὲ αἶε’ ἐγγύς,

“Κὰπὶ θυραῖς γῆρετ’, ἀμφιλαφές τῇν’ ὄπλον, ἀπάσας

“Ὅτ’ ἂν ἀεκέας ἐφάπαξ, ἐσταί τ’, ἀποκόψαι.”

Ὡς πάρος, ὦ Ἀλφειε, φέρου ρόον· οἴχετ’ ἤδη,

Οἴχεται, αἶ φωνὰ πὰ σὰ κώματα δέματ’ ἐρώει·

Ἀψ Σικελὰ καὶ Μοῖσα ποτέρεχο· τὰδε κελεύεις

Ἀγχεα τὰς κάλυκας τε, καὶ ἀνθεα μύει, ἀγεσται.

Ἡμῖνοι ὦ χῶροι, τότι τὰ ψιθυρίσματα δένδρων

Εὐσκιάδων, ἀνέμων τ’, εὖ ἢ κρῖναν ἀγρυεῦνται,

Ὡν σπανίως νοτερεῶ ἐπὶ Σείριος ἔβλεπε κόλπω,

Ὅμματα, δαιδάλεόν τι κεκαδμήροι, ὧδε βάλεσθε

Παντοίων βοτάνων, ὅς ἐνὶ χλοεράᾳ καταπίνῃ



That on the green turf suck the honied showers,  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
 The tufted crow-toe, and the pale jessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well attired woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,  
 And ev'ry flow'r that sad embroid'ry wears :  
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,  
 To strow the laureat herse where Lycid lies ;—  
 For so to interpose a little ease  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,  
 (Ay me) whilst thee the shores and founding seas  
 Wash far away ;—where'er thy bones are hurl'd,



Βώλακι τῶν γονίμων ναισμός μελήδεας ὄμβρων,  
 Παῖσάν τ' εἰαρινῷ γαῖαν πορφύρῃ ἐρέυξει.  
 Ὡδὲ φέρεσθ' ἐαροτρεφέων πᾶν δῶρον αἰώτων,  
 Ὅσα τε χῆρα ζώει, ἔρημα καὶ ὅσ' ἀποθνήσκει,  
 Χλωρῶν ἐρπύλλων θ' ἔλικας, καὶ λευκὰ διανθῆ,  
 Τὰς λοφύδας ἀνεμώνας, ἰὼν κυανουργὲς αἶων,  
 Τὰ ρόδα τὰ γλυκόεντα, περικλύμερόν τ' εὐπέπλον,  
 Νάρκισσον κεφαλὰν βεβαρημένον, ὡς ὑπὸ λύπας,  
 Ἄνθος καὶ πᾶν ἄλλο, τῷ ἔμματα λυγρὰ τέτυκ'·  
 Εἵπατε τῷ δ' ἀμαράντῳ, ἵν' οἱ καλὰ πάντα ποείσῃ,  
 Τοῖς κρινέεσσ', ἵνα καὶ κύλικας δακρύων ἀναπληροῖ,  
 Ἐγκοσμεῖν δαφνίαν, Λυκίδας ὅθι κείται, ἄμαξαν·  
 Οὕτως γὰρ, μικρόν γ', ὀδυῖας ἄμπαυμα γήηται,  
 Ψεύδεσιν ἐν τισι φαντασίαις· ἕως δὴ σεο νεκρὸν  
 Ἀἰονὲς τ', οἴμοι, καὶ ἐξέρομον οἶδμα θαλάσσης  
 Τηλόσ' ἐφαρπάζωσιν, ὅπα σευ ἂν ὅσε' ἀγῆται·



Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide  
 Vist'ft the bottom of the monstrous world;  
 Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,  
 Sleep'ft by the fable of Bellerus old,  
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
 Looks tow'nds Namanco's, and Bayona's hold;  
 —Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth;  
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,  
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
 Sunk tho' he be beneath the watry floor;  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.



Ἡὲ πέραν, τᾶ πω ἀνέμῳδες εἰν ἄλι κεῖνται  
 Ἐβριδες, ἐνθ' ὀλοῶ τάχα καὶ κατὰ πυθμένα πόντω  
 Θαύματα πολλὰ πελώρῳ ἀγάζεαι ἐννοσιγαίῳ,  
 Ἀμέων ἢ δάκρυσίν θ', ὑγραῖς τ' ἡρημένους εὐχαις,  
 Εὐδεις παρ Βελλήρῳ αἰοιδίμῳ ὕστατον ὕπνον,  
 Ἐνθ', ὁ φύλαξ ἀγίων ἀειθμεύμενθ' εἰν ὄρεσ' ἦσαι,  
 Νάμαγκον παθοῖαί τε, καὶ ἐς Βαιώνιον ἄκρον  
 Νυῶ οἰκόνδ', Ἀγί, ὅμμι' ἐλεῶν πρέπε, καὶ κατατάκευ  
 Τῷ δ' νέω, δελφῖνες, ἴσαν φέρεθ' ὑμμεσ ἀρωγαί.

Ποιμένες, ἔ μακρῷ τῶργον τόδε πένθεος ἐμῖ  
 Ὑμμιν γὰρ Λυκίδας ὁ φίλος πόθος οὐκ ἀπόλωλεν,  
 Εἰ δὴ καὶ θνάσκων ὑπέδου χαλκῶπόντιον ἔδαε.  
 Ὡς ποτ' ἐς ὠκεάνῳ πρηνὴς λέχος ἄλιος ἔρπει,  
 Ἀλλ' ὅγε δυόμθρον καινοῖ μετόπισθε χάρανον,  
 Καὶ σέλας εὐτρεπίσας χαίταν νεολαμπεῖ χρεσῶ,  
 Αὔθις ἐν ἡώῳ φλέγεται οὐλύμποιο μετώπῳ.



So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,  
Where other groves, and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the inexpressive nuptial song,  
In the blest kingdoms pure of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the Saints above,  
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
That sing and fing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;  
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,



Ως Λυκίδας χάρα ἔιχε χάτω· νῦν δ' ὑψόσ' αἰεθεῖς  
 Φιλτάτῳ ἥς διὰ χεῖρας, ὅς ἀσπετον οἶδμα θαλάσσης  
 Οὐκ ἄγεεῖ ἐπάτησεν, ἐν ἄλσεσιν Ἀλλοδαποῖσιν,  
 Ἀλλοδαπῶν παρὰ καὶ κρέναν, πλοκαμίδας ἐνυγρῶς  
 Νέκταρς ἐν καθαροῖ βάπτει ῥόω, ἥ δ' ἐπακύνει  
 Ἀρρήτων ἐπέων, κλεινῶ μακάρων ὑμνῶν,  
 Μείλιχον εἰρήνας ἔδραν πάρα, καὶ φιλότῃτος.  
 Τᾶ μιν τῶν Ἀγίων ἀγούρις χαλαῖ ἀμφιπέπονται,  
 Σεμναῖς ἐν συνόδοις, ἀγανόφρονες, ἥ δ' ἐς αἰοιδᾶν  
 Κυδίστως μέλεα γλυκερᾶν χόρον αἰδὺν ἄγοντες,  
 Αὐτὰρ ὁμόεγγνωται, πύματον πόγε, δάκρυ παρειᾶς.  
 Ποιμήνας, ὦ Λυκίδα, γόος ὅκ' ἐντεῦθεν ἰάπλει  
 Σεῦ πᾶσι, νῦν ὅπῃ Θεὸς αἰῶνος γεγλήσῃ,  
 Μιδῶ ὑπὲρ μεγάλῳ ἄγαθος δ' ἔσῃ, οἷς κε πλανηταὶ  
 Τηνὲ τῷ πειλάγει πολυκύμονι νῆες ἰώντι.  
 Ὡς ἄρ' ὁ παῖς ποτὶ καὶ κρένας, ποτὶ καὶ δρύας ἄδεν,



While the still morn went out with sandals grey,

He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,

With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.

And now the fun had stretch'd out all the hills,

And now was dropt into the western bay ;

At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue,

To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.



Ὑμνῶ ἀπαίδευτός περ ἐὼν· ὅφρ' ἄσυχος αἰὼς  
 Λευκὰ πένδιλ' ἐνδῦσ' ἀνεφαίνετο, ποικίλ' ἀθύρων  
 Ἐν καλάμαις ἐπέων μέλεα γλυκύπικρα μέλισδε,  
 Δωριακὰν φρενὶ καὶ χαλκῷ ἐλίγαινεν αἰοιδάν.  
 Ἄμὸς δ' ἐχατίοισι πταινόμυθος κί' ὄρεσσι  
 Φοῖβος, ἐν ἐσπερινῷ καὶ δῆθ' ἄλλος ἔμπεσε κόλπῳ,  
 Ὄρθ' ὄγε, κυάνεον δ' ἄφαρ ἔλλαβεν εἶμα, ποτ' ἀγρῶς  
 Αὔριον ὀρμάσων θ' ἐτέρως, ἐτέρας τε ποθ' ὕλας.



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Veneunt apud F. et C. RIVINGTON, Londini; W. SMART, et T. HOLL,

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